The Bystander, February 20, 1918.—No. 742. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY—FEBRUARY 22

"Surely you vould not cut us down, Woodrow?"
"I cannot tell a lie. Wilhelm. I would. and I'm going to. and with my big hatchet!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

The Week-End

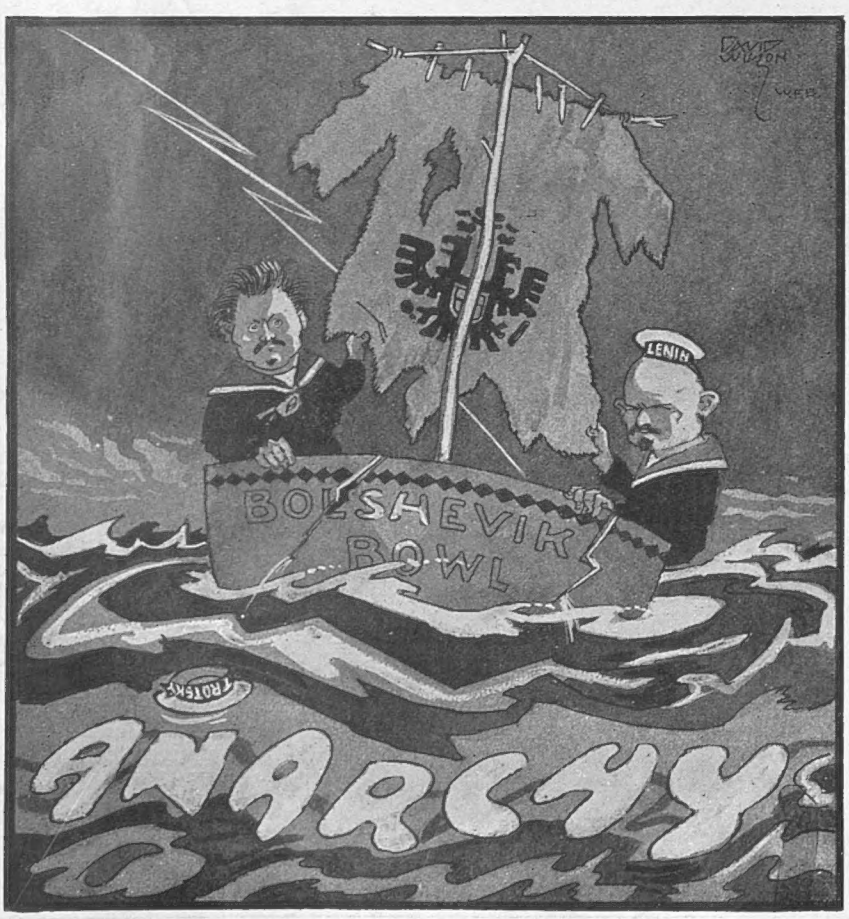
A BOMBARDMENT of Dover and a couple of air-raids on London doubtless give a good deal of satisfaction to Germany; but the one thing in the week-end news that will really buck the Huns up is that the man with the best war-brain in this country has been jockeyed out of office. Although we cannot judge finally without further knowledge of the facts, the events look as if insufficient attention had been paid to Sir William Robertson's great technical knowledge, abilities, and long experience. Not since Lord Kitchener's death has there been such a national disaster; and the methods employed to get rid of the man in whom, a week ago, all the leaders of the Government stated they had "the most complete confidence," will dash the country's confidence as much as their result.

The Score that Failed

THE demagogic M.P. who, by way of getting one smack in at the Government and another at the Throne, was so inquisitive to know why Buckingham Palace hadn't been commandeered for national purposes is now wearing a somewhat crest-fallen air. His smartness has recoiled on him rather heavily, for we are now told that the King, so far back as 1914, offered St. James's Palace, Kensington Palace, and Buckingham Palace for use as hospitals for the wounded. That they did not prove suitable was no fault of his Majesty's, and, when his offer was rejected, he sent £10,000 to the Red Cross instead, besides £100,000 to the country for "carrying on the war." I trust that the M.P. in question has devoted an equivalent proportion of the money he draws from the country to the same worthy object.

The Light that Doesn't Beat Upon the Throne

BUT he has at least done good in one way: in causing the facts in this matter to be brought to light. The King's unceasing and untiring work for the country is utterly unknown to the people; and how many of his subjects, I wonder, have followed the example of the King and all his household in giving up alcohol "for the duration" and treating the voluntary ration as if it had been compulsory? The King does the straight thing—and doesn't talk about it; and it would be a good thing for the country if there were more like him.



Two wild men of Russia
Went to sea in a bowl:
If the bowl had been stronger
My tale had been longer.

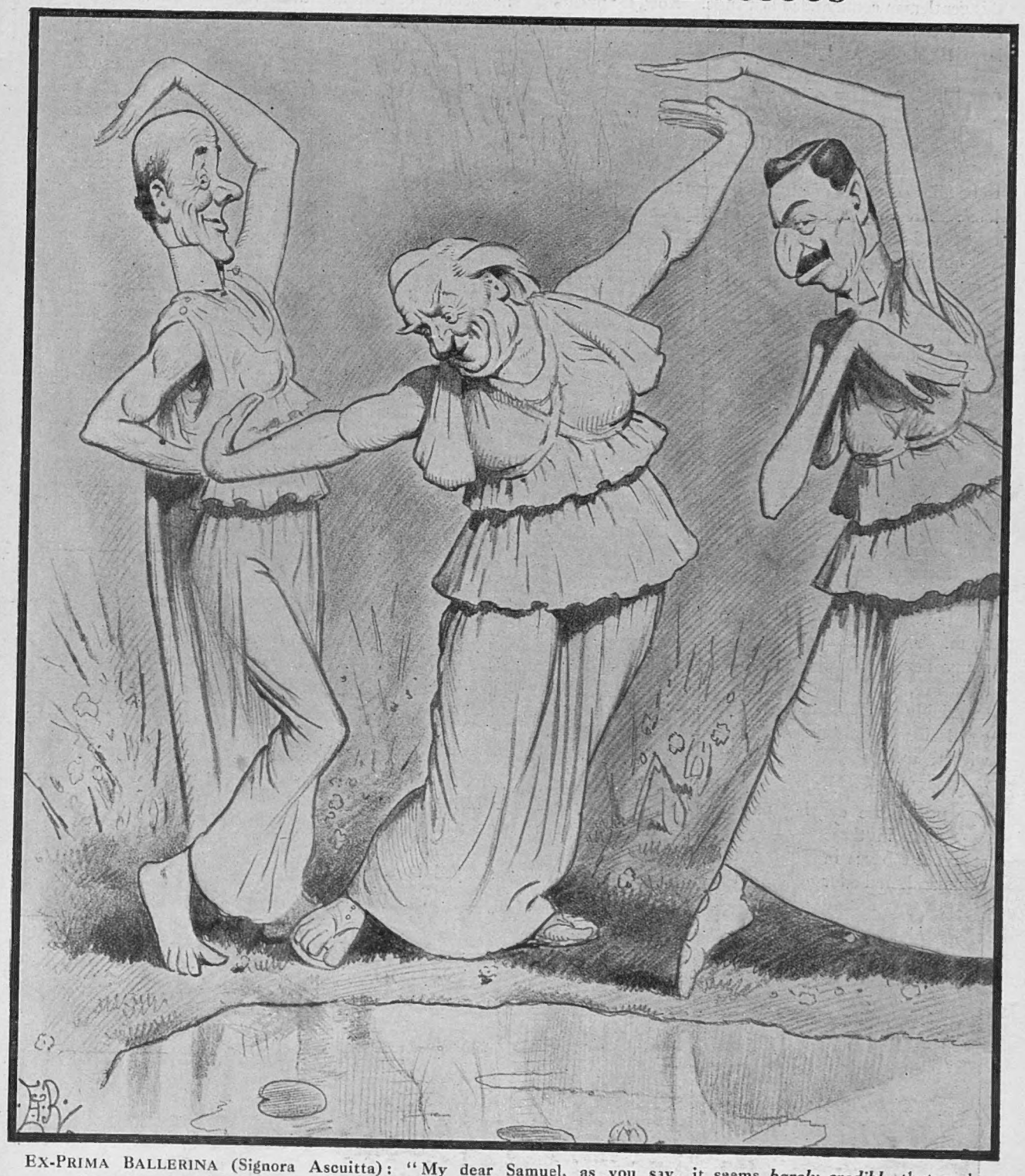
The Very Plain Truth

ONE of the redeeming features of the air-raid is the evidence it affords of the unshaken *moral* of the theatre public. After all, with so many good fellows facing death it is not for the civilian to claim an exaggerated importance for himself. This simple truth was well emphasised during one of the recent raids at a theatre "somewhere in England." An elderly maiden lady was explaining to a breezy sailor-man how terrible these air-raids were. "Why," she said, "a bomb might drop on my house and kill me!" The sailor-man remarked consolingly: "It wouldn't matter a bit, ma'am." This is a useful truth for us all to-day—or to-night.

"The Great Push" in the House

WE are all thrilled, of course, to read that the Gullandites went over the top after a heavy discharge of gas and stormed the Georgian position. They were met with a hail of shells and finished without capturing any position of value. Politics have stoked up with a vengeance, and all the party bosses

The Pathos of the Passées



EX-PRIMA BALLERINA (Signora Ascuitta): "My dear Samuel, as you say, it seems *barely credible* that such charm as ours should have ceased to attract, but really, beyond a cheer or two from a few pacifist undesirables in the pit—I—er!—I fear that the psychological moment has hard—ly—er—What?"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

are working overtime at the old game. And many shrewd people say the Government must fall! But we doubt this.

The Cause of It All

WE can put this in a sentence. A Bill has been passed into law to give 8,000,000 new votes this summer. Those are the real objectives. Scores of your M.P.'s who have no capacity for winning the war are solemnly resolved to win the elections; and if we are not very emphatic in our indignation over political horseplay at the present time we shall lose the war because these people place the elections first.

The Manœuvres

THEY have been subtle in their tactics to the point of an arresting paradox. All the trouble is supposed to be over the Army Chiefs, and the stalwart champion of the Army emerges, ridiculous to write, in the person of poor old "Wait and See!" One seems to remember shell-shortage, man-shortage, energy-shortage, every other kind of shortage, except that of rounded, sonorous parliamentary periods, when

(*Continued on page 386*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

this gentleman commanded last time. Now, it appears that the war cannot be won unless he comes in and Mr. George goes out!

Our First Problem of Peace

Now that Russia is out of the war, what are we going to do with the thousands of young Russians who are in this country? Are they really to be allowed to eat our food and snatch Englishmen's jobs? Are they to stampede on the occasion of air-raids, and be generally a hindrance to us? There are surely only two courses open—the one is to clear them out, and the other to compel them to work for the country that feeds them instead of for themselves. If they stay here they should be commandeered, paid a military wage, and put on to war work under military law and discipline. The bungling of the whole Russian business has been appalling. We cannot stand more of it.

Revolutionaries in the Park

Russians are at work in the Parks preaching the blessedness of sedition. They do not mount platforms, but get little discussion groups around them and quietly and craftily instil the virus of treason. The moment they scent possible danger they run—and their sympathetic listeners ask if this is a free country, and cry shame on those who would silence them. The London Parks have amongst their speakers many new-comers just now. No one knows who they are, or whence they come, but they speak amazingly well, and lead up to their "defeatist" conclusions so cleverly that the audience is carried with them.

Tobacco Shortage—

One of the evening papers recently announced that in three months' time all the stocks of tobacco in this country would be commandeered for the Army and the munition workers, and that civilians would therefore have to go without. Civilians are getting pretty well accustomed to "going without," nowadays; but not even to have a ration of tobacco would cause an outbreak which certainly would not end in smoke. Tobacco has long since ceased to be a luxury. It is an absolute necessity for the man who uses it, and if he is to do his best work he must smoke while doing it. Even in Government offices they recognise this.

—And a Way Out

But now that it is announced that the exportation of all Cuban tobacco to Switzerland, Holland Russia, Sweden, and Norway has been forbidden, as these countries are in direct communication with Germany, there would appear to be plenty of tobacco released from this source for the Army and even the munition workers. The latter can certainly afford to pay for the Corona Coronas and Bocks, so the poor civilian (I suppose people in Government offices are some of them civilians, by the way) may still be able to get his half ounce of bird's-eye or twist or shag. *En passant*, it is interesting to notice that America (to judge from this announcement) has made up her mind that Russia is no longer an ally, though there still seems to be much doubt on the matter in our own Parliament.

"Please Ring Up . . ."

My sympathy is with the Eighty Club. I sincerely hope that only those people whose confidence in the non-existence of the alien in our midst is unshaken and unshakable will have occasion to look look up the number of the Club in the London Telephone Directory just issued. For the entry they are searching for nestles amongst a long list of names which makes one almost wonder whether the page on which it occurs has not (by "some unfortunate mistake," as they say in the House of Commons) strayed in from a Telephone Directory of—Berlin!

SKINNED!

(Just a month ago one of our prescient cartoonists suggested that this would happen; and now—it has!)

The W.A.A.C.'s Chief Controller

Photograph MRS. BURLEIGH LEACH, C.B.E. *E. O. Hoppé*

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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE.*

LONDON, *February* 18, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

THINKING that spring is here because of the singing of the birds and the coming of the snowdrop and the crocus and the catkin, and flouting with infectious fortitude the silly old saw:

If Candlemas Day be fine and fair
Half the winter's to come and mair . . . .

as worth nothing, and having, in any case, a *nerve*—my friends in France are rather letting fly just now in—er—what is called verse.

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AND as in the spring the young man's thoughts turn as sure to love as women's to frocks—well, here's just *one* specimen, a gunner's effort—

My lily of the valley, I hope to be on leave,
And revel in the snowdrops,
With your hand on khaki sleeve.
The braid is getting worn, my love,
Since first I wrote to thee—
Four Christmases away from home
And, most of all, from thee!

But, cheerio, my precious!
I'll be rising with the lark,
And clasp thee to my rugged heart
In the middle of Hyde Park!
(Hope you've no objection?)

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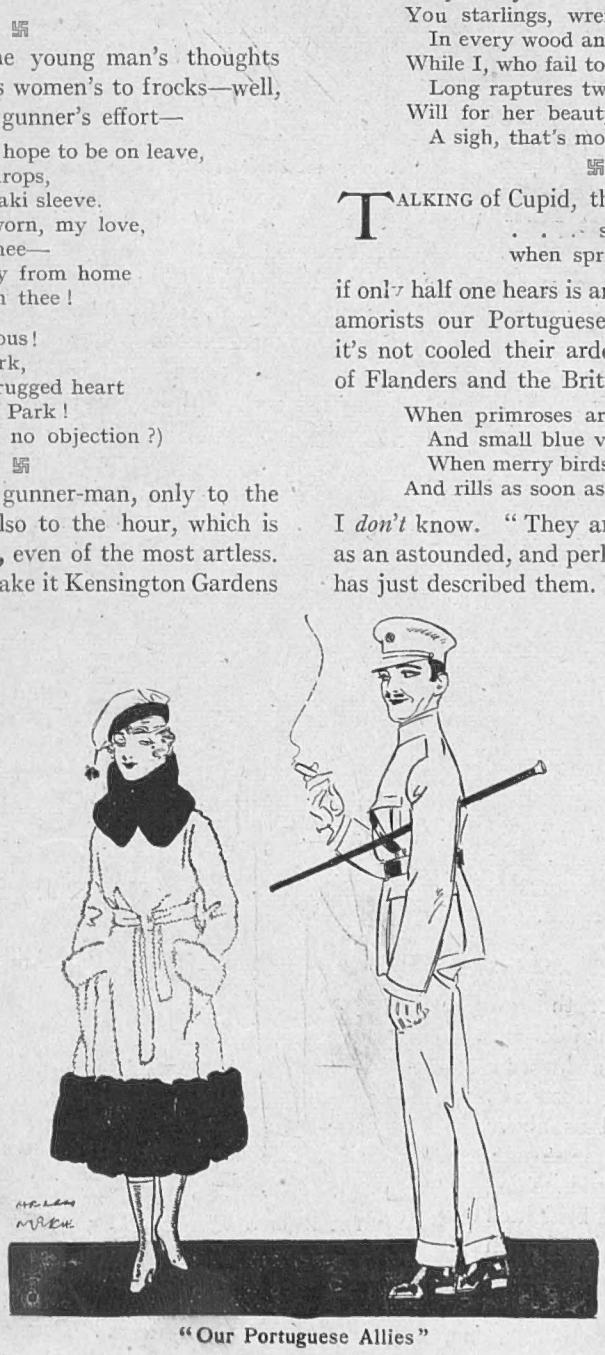
ONLY to the *venue*, my gunner-man, only to the *venue*—and perhaps also to the hour, which is a little early for assignations, even of the most artless. As to the place, if he could make it Kensington Gardens now, or Ranelagh, or—but I forgot. Nowhere else rhymes with "lark" does it? What a *nuisance* that bird has been to *how* many a spring poet, struggling in vain with

Bark	Mark.
Cark	Stark
Dark	Park
Hark!	Clerk

卐 卐

IN the high-handed manner that's acquired on Parnassus slopes, Davies, the modern "nature" poet *par excellence*, I notice, gets over the difficulty in "Raptures" by simply attempting no rhyme—

Sing for the sun your lyric, lark,
Of twice ten thousand notes;
Sing for the moon, you nightingales,
Whose light shall kiss your throats.



"Our Portuguese Allies"

"With two extra hours of daylight"

Sing for your five blue eggs, fond thrush,
By many a leaf concealed;
You starlings, wrens, and blackbirds sing
In every wood and field;
While I, who fail to give my love
Long raptures twice as fine,
Will for her beauty breathe this one—
A sigh, that's more divine.

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TALKING of Cupid, that blind gunner who
. . . . so busy gets
when spring is here,

if only half one hears is anywhere near the truth, *what* amorists our Portuguese allies must be! They say it's not cooled their ardour, even the winter climate of Flanders and the British Isles. So what it'll be—

When primroses are out in spring,
And small blue violets come between,
When merry birds sing on boughs green,
And rills as soon as born must sing.

I *don't* know. "They are *such* children of nature!" as an astounded, and perhaps a little envious, observer has just described them.

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AND very nice, too, it seems to me, 'specially after next week, when the rations come along—I mean, one-and-threepence worth of meat a week per head'll want some garnishing, won't it? What saith the O.T.? Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith, though, personally, I can't help thinking, you know, that even the most *grande passion* goes better, so to speak, after—well a little dinner at the Carlton or somewhere than on half a scone and a small coffee at a bun shop. According to Joseph Conrad, in his wonderful "Chance": "Man, we know, cannot live by bread alone, but

(*Continued on page 390*)

hang me if I don't believe that some women could live by love alone." But men *are* such romanticists, aren't they? *That* kind of woman *these* days, I'm afraid, is too good to be—true! Though man, the trusting, will never, dear thing, believe it—it is, of course, as G. B. S. says, "Woman's great art to lie low, and let the imagination of the male endow her with depths."

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HERE in England now luxuries aren't, of course, done in these lean days, when the very husks once thrown to swine are made into munitions or margarine or something. But what you lose on the swings you make up on the roundabouts. You should *see* the colossal spills *de luxe*, about as long as umbrellas, they're using at the best clubs now! Great convenience, of course, not to have to get up from your chair when you want to light your *n*th cigar or your *x*th cigarette, but what about that paper shortage there was so much chat about when the well-known war was young? Still, we do deserve *something* thrown in, don't we, in these appalling war days when you have to take a microscope to see your club meals, though the club prices are the same or more, and you'd have to imbibe gallons of war drinks before you were moved to demand, with funny W. H. Berry in *The Boy*, at the Adelphi: "Will somebody put me to bye-bye?"

"A very ancient pistol"

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APROPOS, laugh and grow fat, they say, don't they—so be a good way of eking out next week's rations, won't it, to go and see the very latest play importation from America, *Nothing But the Truth*, which, I'm told, really *is* funny? Though, of course, you *can* have too much of a good thing, and laughing's the sort of exercise that always makes *me* hungry for a much bigger supper than you can—or, anyway, ought to—get anywhere in this Rhondda-ruled and rationed realm.

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THE play goes to prove, you know, that, as the poet said, Truth is for other worlds. And the results of defying the axiom are too terribly, awkwardly embarrassing. Just shows, doesn't it, how far civilisation's raised us above the mere morals of the simple savage, when you get three solid hours' laughing out of the bare idea of such a benighted being who really does tell the truth and shame the devil, as our grandfathers used to say?

"The Light Bob"

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WHICH reminds me, from Palestine, a gunner major writes to say that he's sending me a very ancient pistol he collected at Gaza, and would I like a coat of jack skins? "We hunt the jackal now and again on horseback here, hard by Damascus, but he is a devil to catch and generally manages to land you in an impassable *wadi* and sneak off. Wily Charlie Fox lives around here too, and one day we hope to get a pack of hounds and hunt him. We had a top-hole greyhound for a short while, but, alas! one day, he ran a hare into the Boche lines and we've seen neither of them since.

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"NOT a bad land this when it doesn't rain, but lately it's deluged down and we've been swamped. The soil of Palestine is very affectionate, the clinging kind, and one carries half the country about on one's boots."

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WHAT a geography lesson this war is! Sort of indelibly printed on one's brain, isn't it, the idea of the Holy Land as a place of perpetual sunshine and dazzling, cloudless skies, with palms and dates, and camels, and beards and long white robes, and sand and things? To think you've got to wear waders and Burberrys in the land flowing with milk and honey is a positive *shock*, isn't it? By the way, I'd love a jackal coat—though I don't know what he looks like—and ye anciente pistol will add a delightful Oriental touch to my collection of more modern souvenir-weapons from the Western front.

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APROPOS, a thousand thanks to the kind senders of the last word in trench magazines, in which, by the way, nearly four years of what the King so truly calls this unhappy war seem to have rather sobered down the once so exuberant and still bravely cheery spirits of their contributors. "If this is a picnic," writes one, for instance, in the Salonika *Moonraker*, "then Heaven preserve us from a good square meal.

> For nearly two years we have toiled and moiled about these Balkan hills. We have known blizzards and blazing suns; we have known camps that were like the wallow of a water buffalo and bivouacs on barren hills where no shade ever comes. Also there have been flies—flies as countless as the sandbags in Macedonia. But I suppose even the longest picnic has an end. Salonika, going into harbour, is as lovely a sight as you could dream of. Yet I know of one that will be more lovely still. That will be Salonika, going out!

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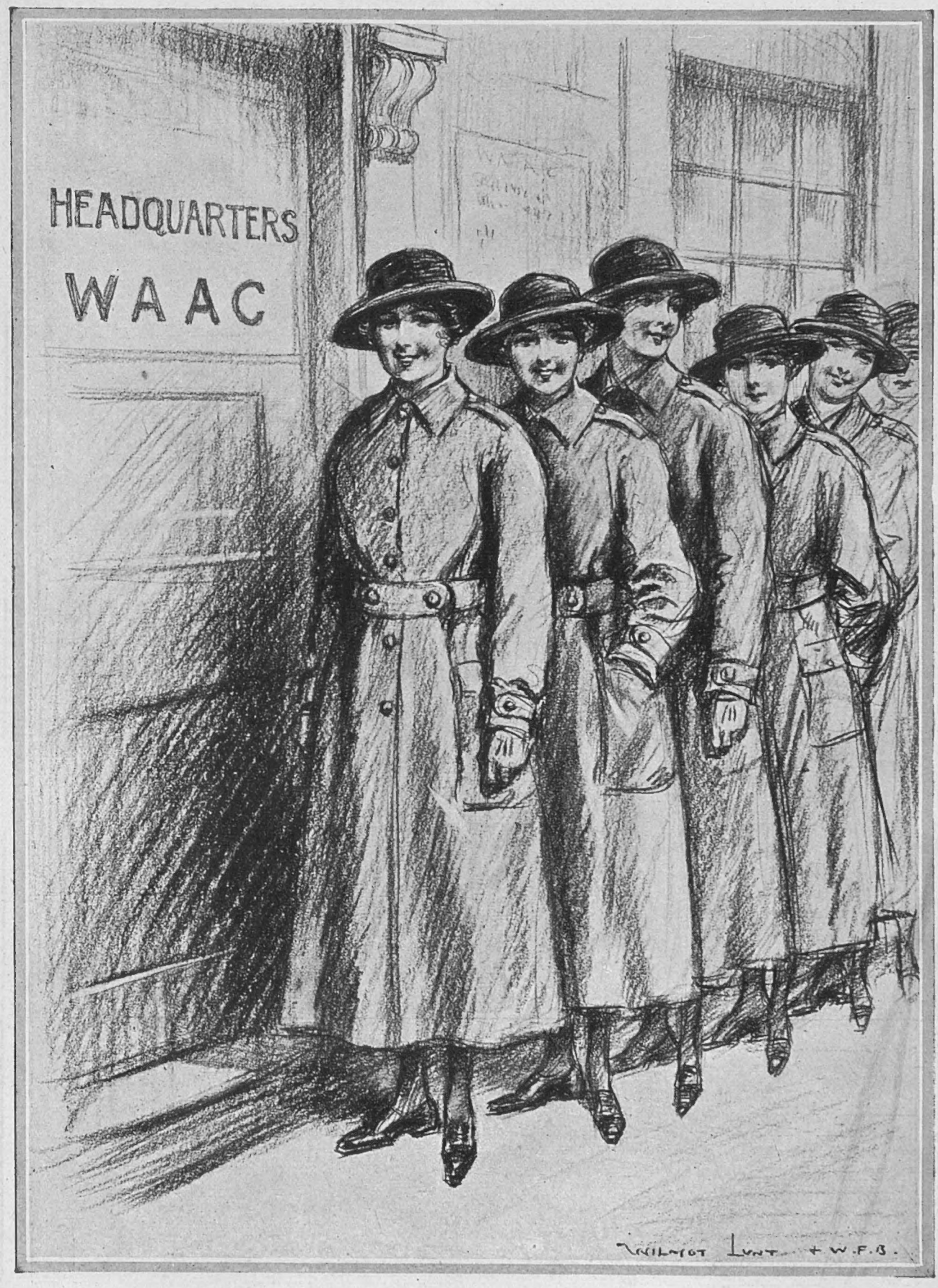
POOR dears! Poor dears! Shall we *ever* know even the half, I wonder, of all our men have done

(*Continued on page 392*)

"Have You Seen the Ducks Go By?"



"Q"—W.A.A.C.'S

"*IN ENGLAND—NOW!*" (*concluded*)

and suffered? And so quietly and matter-of-factly that it's really quite seldom one gets the sort of side-light on bitter reality that breathes from the verses called "If this be Life," which I cull from the 1918 souvenir of the Welsh Division, sent to me "for your collection, with love and kisses from the C.O. down even to the Padre."

If this be life—
To squelch in gum boots through the nauseous ooze
That reeks of death, while rain incessant soaks into the very soul—
To rise each morning with the certainty of months of this
Unless one meets the shell that stops it all . . . .
To scan the lists and every day meet names of pals
Destroyed and wasted in this game of fools. . . .
If this be life—
Then give me death, O God!

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LIFE's full of contrasts, though, and it's the same paper which in its "dudvertisements" blaringly counsels us to

WEAR KIRCHNER UNDIES.
The *Real* Dress Economy.
Your Favourite Animal Embroidered.
IN PINK GEORGETTE.
Dainty Nightie .. £3 3 0
Hankie (similar design) £5 5 0

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WAR, by the way, seems to be making positively new men of the padres. Another of the cloth (the brighter khaki kind, of course; *how* gladly they do seem to have chucked their aforetime "blacks"!) sending me *The Dud*, which is the Argyll and Sutherland's amusing magazine, writes: "Blanche, sweet one (oh, shush!), there are men at the front who bless you for your weekly letter, and were I to tell you of all the blessings invoked on your head you'd rush to the 'phone to order a pair of wings—toot sweet. But please don't! You are sure of them richt eneuf, as we say in the unhumorous North. And if you can eventually get them for nothing—well, you know a Scotsman's advice. I am sending you a copy of *The Dud* because I know you love all our boys out here—it pleases us because it is our very own, and has given us something to do in the midst of this hurly burly."

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STILL, by the way, still they come, my reproachful requests for a "mention." "How could you have forgotten the Light Bobs, Blanche?" writes one, more in sorrow than in anger. "Don't you remember who went through Kut and who beat the Prussian Guards at Nonnen-Poschen Wood? Or is it because Helen can't draw our regimental peculiarities? Let this be a challenge to you!"

卐 卐

WELL, there's a movement, you know, for saving two hours' daylight this summer-time instead of one. So perhaps on one of the new fine long days I'll sit down and go right through the Army List, and make quite sure that not a single one, from cavalry to pigeoneers, has been left out. *Will* be a long day, won't it? Won't we be regular *wrecks*, at the beginning anyway, when we haven't collected the strength of mind yet to go to bed before it's dark?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Photograph *Everitt*

THE TRAINING OF THE "WRENS"

The first officers and ratings of the Women's Royal Naval Service were inspected, on the conclusion of their training at the Crystal Palace, by Commodore Sir R. Williams Bulkeley, Bart., R.N.R., and by Dame Katherine Furse, their capable Director

Some Snapshots from Serbia

Bulgarian prisoners of war at work breaking stones for new roads

Prince Alexander of Serbia is very evidently not a pessimist

American Red Cross nurses outside their hut, built of old petrol tins filled with cement and wired together

This is not an instance of the camouflage of the type so disconcerting to Macbeth—"Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane"—but an every-day sight behind the Serbian lines—horses and mules laden with hay for forage and looking like travelling hayricks

"Somewhere in Flanders"

A BLIGHTED FRIENDSHIP

My Dear Bystander—

A smattering of a lesser known language is always a source of satisfaction and secret joy to the possessor. To parade it is a pride as permissible as that which impels a woman to display a slender ankle, and he prays for an early opportunity to present itself that he may reveal his talents to a gaping world. Time was, when the laborious acquirement of a few sententious phrases in the Spanish language occasioned a marked swelling of my youthful bosom and on some rare occasion in our green isle when chance threw in my path some unhappy traveller from the land of guitars and enabled me by a felicitous word here and there to reduce his linguistic sufferings by perhaps four per cent, a glow of self-esteem would thrill me through and through. But all this was before I met Paolo. Henceforward I know no language but my own.

PASSED BY CENSOR

"ALL THE JOLLY FUN . . .!"

Why winter in "Sunny" France when you can easily reproduce the climate at home?

A small but noisy crowd on the railway platform drew me as a magnet. A number of excited people appeared to be in the throes of an argument which could only terminate in bloodshed. Above the din could be heard the appealing voice of the R.T.O.: "For the Lord's sake does anyone here speak Spanish?"

It was not for me to combat the decrees of Fate.

"Just a little," I admitted guardedly; "I know how to ask for two boiled eggs, for instance, and——"

He gripped my hand. "Then, for the sake of suffering Moses," he gasped, "help me to find out what this Portuguese blighter is driving at. We've had him here half the morning, and not a blessed soul can make out who he is or what he wants. He's nearly driven me off my chump and the *chef de gare* has gone off to get some ointment for his tonsils, poor chap."

In this unconventional fashion did Paolo steal into my life.

It took me a clear quarter of an hour just to discover that his name was Paolo, for while, with true Castilian politeness, I was endeavouring to bring to his notice—laboriously, perhaps, but none the less with a warm and sympathetic heart—that I made his acquaintance *con mucho gusto*, that I trusted his heath was good, and that my house was his own, he would persist in drowning me in an oratorical storm of the purest Portuguese. How he breathed was a mystery to us all.

Just as the eyes accustom themselves to the darkness and are finally able to discern objects which at first are hidden from them, so with the flight of time the hopes and aspirations of Paolo were gradually vouchsafed unto me. As far as I was ever able to gather he was a corporal by profession, was coming back from leave, hadn't got a movement order, and had forgotten his destination. I gathered also that he had enjoyed his leave and was tired. He was tired of the world, tired of the *chef de gare*, very tired of the R.T.O. All he wanted was perfect rest, *cigarillos ingleses*, *vino rojo* and plenty of it.

He also gave me to understand that he liked my face, and when in the course of our sparkling conversation it transpired that we had both of us been in Rio within six years of each other, his cup of joy overflowed, and, clinging to a superannuated weighing machine to support him in his emotion, he wept silently and profusely. Recovering himself, he said that it was plainly Providence that had brought us together, and that he would never leave me. He proposed to appoint himself my *aide-de-camp*, batman, or private secretary—it did not matter much which, the essential was that he should never leave me.

The military machine is a hard, unfeeling thing, with a superb indifference to the sanctity of true friendship, and I sometimes wonder where Paolo is to-day. I shall look out for him when next in Rio.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson.

BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

A Visit to the Alpini

PASSED BY CENSOR

"There are the Austrians!"
"I see!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

EDDIES of WAR

THE GENTLE ART. BY DELL LEIGH

THE very tired Air Board officer came into the club smoking-room and sat down heavily with a murmured "a-a-ah" of content. Several extremely youthful pilots sitting round the fire looked at him, and winked at each other. "Old Benito has really done a job of work to-day," said one, nudging a companion; "I'm sure his temperature will go up in consequence."

⁂ ⁂

"ALL very well for you boys to talk like that," replied the V.T.O. yawning. "All *you* do is to crash expensive Government machines—that's easy. You come and take on our job for a day or two and see how *you'd* feel. When I compare myself with Job I come to the conclusion he must have been an infernally impatient man!" "It's no good your doing the heavy administrator over us, old man," said one of the youthful ones. "All your work is done by that bevy of beautiful ladies who surround you like a Roman phalanx. They say that the married contractors waste more time in your department than in any other in all London. By the way, what has happened to that fair girl who used to talk to me when I came up to see you? Miss Tracey, or Travers, or some such name; deuced pretty, she was." "Miss Tremaine, you mean, I suppose?" answered the V.T.O. "What about her?"

"I miss her dreadfully," said the boy, sighing. "I used to come up specially to see her."

"Yes, we know that," replied the V.T.O. dreamily. "Talk of the place you were—disgraceful!"

"You don't mean to say you've allowed her to transfer?"

"No, not exactly. She has gone—that's all."

"More fool you, that's *all* I can say!" gave forth the youth. "Come on, old 'un, tell us the murky story in all its revoltin' details."

The V.T.O. filled a pipe carefully.

"Miss Tremaine had you all stone cold; you know that perfectly well," he began.

"All except you," said the chorus, as one man.

"Not even excepting me, alas!" answered the V.T.O. "She came to me from the Lord knows where—from somewhere in the inaccessible purlieus of the place they call the Establishment Branch. She arrived one morning in the long ago, with a buff slip in her hand which merely informed me that 'Miss Tremaine reports for duty.' I was not in the least interested, and passed her over to the superintending clerk, with the usual instructions as to carrying on and keeping her head in times of crisis. I forgot all about her for several days, being pestilentially busy. But she began to obtrude herself under my notice very quickly."

The youthful pilot nudged his neighbour.

⁂ ⁂

"SHE said," went on the V.T.O., "that she was anxious to learn, and would I——? Well she wore extremely pretty clothes—always had something on that made you look at it again—you know! Of course, I'm not blind yet (haven't been there long enough) and she *is* infernally goodlooking. Moreover, she is a Mem Sahib, which makes all the difference."

"'Ear, 'ear!" from a deep armchair.

"I said: 'I'll teach you if you will really learn, and will stick to it. But I'm not going to bother about you to have you pushing off somewhere else in a month.'

"'Oh *no*! Nothing of that sort, of *course* not,' etc.

"Well, I bent my great brain upon her clerical education. She always kept me in my place (I believe that is the technical expression, isn't it Snuffs?) but she gave me the impression that she was always laughing at me up her very thin sleeve, and I often wondered why. But one day I went into the Cottage Tea Rooms for a quick lunch and found her there. She was smoking placidly, and a silk cigarette case of the Guards colours lay on the table. She merely looked through me and continued reading THE BYSTANDER.

"Well, when I had trained her into a first-rate filing clerk and general factotum, she came to me one day and said 'I am *most* awfully sorry, Captain Blowit, but I've got to go.'

"I said: 'Nonsense! Why?'

"She said, drumming five shapely finger-nails on my blotting paper: 'Well, you see, I'm in a very awkward position. My mother has got dreadfully ill up in Scotland, where we live, and I simply *must* go back and nurse her (I've been trained you know, oh yes!); my married sister can't leave the Northern Command, where Frank is, and I am the only one available. I'm terribly cut up about it, but what *can* I do?'

"'Nothing,' I answered. 'There is nothing you can do except go back to Scotland and nurse your sick mother. Confound it, I've got to start some one all over again.' Tears came into her eyes, and she looked most pathetic and miserable, and I felt a complete sample of a fool. We parted with mutual expressions of regret. That was two months ago."

⁂ ⁂

A SILENCE followed the V.T.O.'s discourse.

"Bad luck," someone said sympathetically.

"Ye-e-es," drawled the V.T.O., "wasn't it? I went the other night to see that new Revue, *Everyone for Himself*, at the Odalisque. When the beauty chorus tripped on Madeleine Tremaine tripped on as their leader, if you please! I invaded the stage door after the show and demanded explanations. Stage doorkeeper brought back a note—here it is." He pulled a piece of mauve notepaper from his pocket.

"'You surely can't object to my going back to my old job, can you? The gentle art of wangling is not the prerogative of your sex entirely, you know. M. T.' And that's all," concluded the V.T.O.

The youthful pilot touched the bell.

"Waiter, tell them to get me a taxi, will you. Tell him not far—Odalisque only, double fare——"

The Un-hidden Hand

PASSED BY CENSOR

UNCLE SAM USES HIS MAN-POWER

Snowed Up, But Not Snowed Under

Serbia is under snow, but the fighting spirit of her soldiers is still hot. This picture shows a couple of her sentries in the mountains near Monastir. Note the weight of snow on the telegraph wires

A Serbian headquarters camp picturesquely placed on the skirts of a snowed-up wood

The Bystander in Paris

WE ARE BOMBED

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"They went to the cellar"

MES AMIS—

WE are not any more jealous. You know how since a long time we have said: "Poor London! that it should be so bombed"; and we have pretended that we were glad the Boches did not any more come to Paris. But in our hearts there was always one little thought that we were neglected; and we do not like in Paris to be neglected even by the Boches.

⁂

IT is not very wise to feel so, but it is only saints and nuns who do not wish to be always first; and Paris she is not a saint or a nun. Our foolish ones thought this: London, it has all the emotion, and Paris, which has been historical, lives in the great war like a fly in amber, quite without excitement.

⁂

THE raids of old-fashioned Taubes, long ago in the beautiful weather, when the war began, were nothing. All the world went in the Boulevards when they should arrive each afternoon and made stupid jokes; but no one regarded them very much. They dropped their little bombs and their so German proclamations that in ten days—it is three years and a half!—they would take Paris. And then they flew away so fast as they might.

⁂

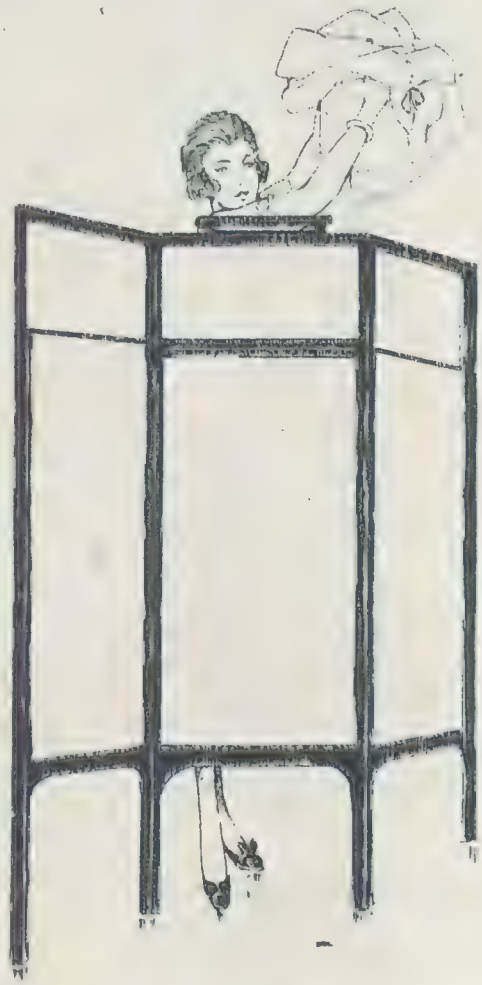
BUT now the Gothas—*c'est un autre chose.* I think we will not any more be jealous of London, and will be content to be neglected for a very long time. It was an emotion—yes—but it was *un peu trop.*

⁂

IN London you know very well how it feels—all dreadful and excited inside; and at the front—*mon dieu!* at the front! Yet we were not cowards. It was at hair-brush time they sounded the alarm, and I knew next day just what everyone was doing at that minute.

⁂

THEY all commence their histories the same: "I had just come from the theatre——" "We had just gone to bed and Monsieur was saying——" "*Ma chérie,* I was just taking off——" It is so interesting to know what all one's friends do at half-past eleven. And then their feelings!



"I was just taking off ——"

⁂

MARGUERITE says she ate all her bread ration for the next day after she had finished her *bon-bons,* and Irene, who is so *petite,* says she felt swelled out and big like the Bois de Boulogne, so that the Boches could not miss her. There was, too, Hortense, the little daughter of Madame de Lanvé, who has seven years and the disposition of an angel. Never in her life has she said a wicked word, but when the bombs fell and they went to the cellar, she used so dreadful words that Monsieur le Curé, who lives in the same house, had to mount again to his apartment.

⁂

LUCILE and I have discussed a great deal what we felt, and Lucile says that she was frightened three times—at the alarm, because it made so horrible a noise; at a very big crash that was quite near;

(Continued on page 400)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded)

and at the sight of our neighbour, M. Morris, in his night *bonnet* and his *robe de chambre.*

⁂

FOR me, I had three emotions. I was very angry, I wanted so much to see, and I smoked cigarettes all the time which I have never done before. It was like the bad language of Hortense—the wicked in me came out, and I said so hard things to Lucile because she said when I went to the window to look that my cigarette would show the Boches where we were.

⁂

IT was Léonie who gave me confidence. She dressed in all her best clothes and put on her hat before she came down from her room because, she said, if the house was blown away she wished still to look respectable, and not like Marthe Dubois in their village who, when her house was burned, was rescued in her nightgown.

⁂

THERE is not anyone in Paris who did not hear the Gothas pass just over their house; but for us we are content that it was no nearer than the next avenue that a bomb fell. The three top *étages* were so badly exploded that of the furniture there was some in the trees. But, what chance! the *concierge* told us there was only Monsieur le Quatrième in these apartments and he was departed for Nice at eight o'clock in the evening.

⁂

EVERYONE went next day to see the holes and to say all over again what they felt. It was so I heard the story of Père Barboteau. He told it to everyone who came to look at his house in which the staircase did not exist any more.

⁂

IT was in the same street he lived in 1871, when the Boches bombarded Paris for three weeks, and a cannon ball hit his house and killed the cat. "They thought they would frighten Paris to surrender," he said, "and they killed my cat with an *obus.* But I avenged her, the poor *mitsu.* I had then only eighteen years, but I went with the *francs-tireurs* of Ternes and shot two Allemands in the woods.

"When I went to the window to look . . ."

"SEE how they have remembered all these years and are returned, the wild geese, to kill me with a bomb. But they have missed, like the other time," he laughed. "They are not clever enough to kill old Père Barboteau."

⁂

TILL the next time of the *clair de lune,* they say, the wild geese will not come again; and for me I do not wish to have any more such an emotion. But Lucile and I have decided that we will stay *malgré tout.* It is only the fat people who feel so important, and whom France could so well miss, who are running away to the country and the *midi.*

⁂

BUT the Government is very content that they should go away and take their appetites with them, because then it will be easier to keep enough to eat in Paris and have a little to give to the birds, who do not very well understand the bread cards. So that is one good that the Boche has done, and perhaps at the next *clair de lune* he will find that he has done another, and that it will not be so easy for him to come and frighten us from our beds.

Your friend,
AGNÈS.

"Léonie dressed in all her best clothes"

The "Wren"

1ST A.S.C. DRIVER: "I say, Gladys does give herself airs since she has been driving for the sailors"

2ND DITTO: "I know; swank, because she is in the Senior Service"

National Amusemen

If the Ministry of Food carries out its latest scheme, there should be plenty of excitement in getting one's dinner from the travelling food kitchens, especially since the Ministry naïvely

nts—The 'Bus Kitchen

remarks that there is no reason why gramophones and electric pianos should not be utilised to make the time of waiting for your potatoes less wearisome

Contemplative

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS KYRLE BELLEW

A delightfully pretty photograph of whom we present above, is appearing in the great American double-crook drama, " Cheating Cheaters," at the Strand

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

AT THE SAVOY

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

Most nice people have been taught from their childhood to respect the truth; but this play makes it abundantly clear that the truth is really a kind of high explosive to be handled warily. Indeed, it would seem that it is really the white lie—or the white lie with a dash of heliotrope, as it were—that keeps society intact to-day. For instance, Mr. Robert Bennett, a stockbroker of high ideals, is goaded into making a bet with his partners that he will speak nothing but the truth for twenty-four hours. The bet is for ten thousand dollars, and Bennett must not lose it because the money is not his to play with. It must be admitted that the partners are not very good sportsmen. They lay all kinds of traps for Bennett and make his truth-speaking adventure bristle with unhappy consequences; so that it is good to know that right from the word "Go!" they are hoist with their own petard, as Shakespeare jovially puts it.

❀

To begin with, Ralston, the senior partner, has been nursing up a likely purchaser of some wildcat stock that has got to be unloaded somehow. It chances that when the green and simple purchaser rings up to give his order it is Bennett who answers the 'phone; and what can he say but that the stock in question is one of the rottenest propositions on the outside edge of the market? Then he brings his fatal propensity for truth into the social side of life. A young lady sings in the drawing-room, and with the cold, fishy eye of one of his opponents upon him, Bennett is asked what he thinks of the performance. Under the circumstances he is obliged to admit that the singing was very cheap stuff, and his criticism implies that in his view such singers ought not to be allowed out except at the end of a very short string.

❀

And so the game goes on, accompanied by the shrieks of the delighted audience, who seem as if they had never heard the truth spoken before; and then we come to the lady in the case. One day Mabel Jackson and her sister Sabel—the sisters Jackson of the music halls—call at the office with reference to their investments. Mabel

(Continued on page 406)

produces a cigarette, but has no match—a very natural dilemma in these wild times. Ralston produces his matchbox, and lights the cigarette for the lady. The trifling courtesy is quite innocent in itself; but Mrs. Ralston gets to hear of it, and immediately suspects the worst, and a bit over that. She questions her husband's friends as to whether the cigarette lighting incident did take place, and, like good men and true, they naturally declare that nothing of the kind happened. Then, of course, it becomes Bennett's turn to be questioned, and the audience writhes in delightful anticipation.

BENNETT, however, contrives to elude the direct question. Furthermore he enjoins Mabel to affirm solemnly that she does not know Mr. Ralston, and has never met him. The partners see in this move a chance to win their bet, since if Bennett lies by the mouth of another he must be held to be lying by his own—the principal is responsible for the act of his agent, as they say in the City. As it happens, however, the scheme breaks down at the start. Mabel is just repeating her rehearsed story when Mrs. Ralston interrupts. She will have no shuffling. She will give Mabel two hundred dollars for the "whole truth." While she has gone upstairs to get the money the sisters Jackson confer hurriedly and decide that it will be only sporty to give the lady value for her money. Mabel will, therefore, repeat the lines she has to speak in her potted melodrama on the halls—the usual sad story of the good girl who was found out and taken in, or something of that sort.

WHEN Mrs. Ralston returns with the dollars, Mabel gets off the mark. With a fine, rich pathos, and holding her sister's hand for moral support, she explains that she was an innocent girl till he came "into her life." There is a moving story of a taxi-cab, and drugged beer, and the awful awakening in the cold, grey light of dawn—too late! It is all quite a splendid bit of nonsense, wonderfully declaimed by Miss Dorothy Minto. A little daring, perhaps, but once you have swallowed the lump in your throat, and have realised that, after all, they can never get to hear of it at home, anyway, you find yourself carried away by the reckless hilarity of the crowd. Mr. A. E. Matthews is admirably suited with the part of Bennett, and Mr. Charles Glenney, one of the best actors on our stage, gives a vivid picture of the amiable rascal in the stockbroking trade. *Nothing But The Truth* is a first-class tonic for the times, and should prove a boon and a blessing to the fed-up man on "leaf."

JINGLE

From the Balloon Observer's Training Manual

PASSED BY CENSOR

"The observer will make a note of the nature of the projectile and of the approximate time of flight"

Shrapnel Pars

SIR MALCOLM MORRIS says that the shortage of food is not altogether a harmful thing. He means, of course, that it conduces to a reduction of waist.

THERE are no dogs to be seen in Germany. A case of the barker bit, we fear.

"THE German offensive in the West," says a headline. But where isn't he offensive?

THE new master of Trinity once said that he could make a clock that would go for a million years. A suitable time-piece for G.H.Q., what?

"I DARE say," says Mr. T. R. Dawes, "I have eaten dog, cat, and cab-horse; and who cares?" Who, indeed! So far as we are concerned Mr. Dawes may peck as he pleases.

IT'S a good thing there's no Order against the hoarding of talent, or the Government would have to part with some of its Geddes, wouldn't it?

"EUSTACE smiles!" As the Vegetarian said when he received his meat card.

"WE are having our ups and downs," declares Mr. Daniels in regard to the U-boat war. So long as we keep the total of the blowing-ups down and the total of submarine "downs" up, we look like turning the German game upside down.

SO Hindenburg is going to be in Paris by April 1. Come, Marshal, we didn't think you were going to "hands up" quite so soon as that! But perhaps you're wise: the French treat their prisoners well.

ALL this overdone bluff about their vast forces on the Western front makes us suspect that the Huns are using their divisions in the field to divert attention from their divisions at home.

"WITH God's help," says Wilhelm the Pious, "our nation may look forward to a good peace." Anyway, with Trotsky's help, it seems in the way of getting a good piece of Russia.

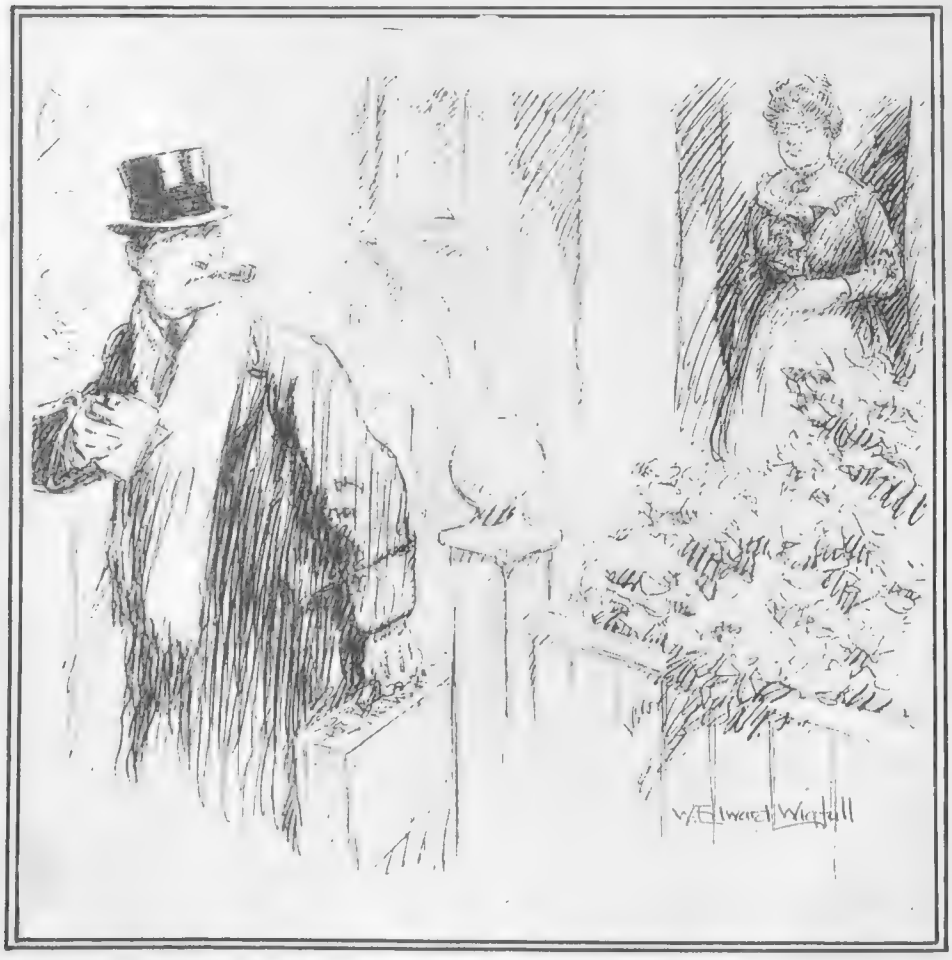
COUNT ANDRASSY dolefully admits that "the starving-out policy of our enemies has borne fruit." But his trouble is that the blockade has prevented any being borne in the direction of hungry Hungary.

WE are trying not to believe the sinister rumour that the Food Control has made its rationing rules so complicated in order to give the puzzled coupon-student as little time as possible for meals.

"STANDARDISED" men's clothes are coming. As soon as one tailor begins to display them you may expect all the others to follow suit. In this case, however, there will happily be no opportunity for cutting competition.

WHEN clothes, by the way, are put under rationing rules we must do our best to avoid committing breaches of the Orders in connection with our orders of—continuations.

A TROUBLE-BORROWING contemporary wants to know how girls are to find husbands after the war. But that isn't half as pressing a problem as the shortage of matches while the war is still going on.



THE SUBURBANITE OF THE NEAR FUTURE

WIFE: "Have you got everything, dear?"

HUSBAND: "Yes—season ticket, registration card, sugar, butter, and tea ration card, meat card, bread card, match card, and tobacco card"

The Director of Pests on the Trail

STALKING A BLUEBOTTLE

WHAT HO! A RAT!

For Charity

BY STEPHEN MCKENNA

THE morning mail consisted of three bills, three printed slips from three different editors, regretting that they were unable to make use of the enclosed contribution, two applications for charity, and one incitement to collect eggs for a national fund. In addition, the hot milk was perceptibly burnt, and, with his incurable artistic temperament, the Poet had omitted to complete the formalities for obtaining one-quarter of last year's coal supply. Turning up the collar of his coat, he flung away to his writing-table and was turning over the manuscript of "Songs of the Dead and Dying," when he heard footsteps painfully ascending his four flights of creaking stairs.

"I shall simply say I never had it," he muttered, crumpling a bill between his fingers; and, more truthfully, "You cannot get blood from a stone."

There was a tap on the door, and the Professional Mendicant came in. The artistic temperament rather than any specific social advantages had granted the Poet power, as to his predecessors, to dream of fair women, but the Professional Mendicant transcended in beauty any of whom he had dreamed. Brown eyes of unimagined softness smiled at him over the ermine collar of her coat; fingers like the inmost petals of a rose stole round the end of her muff: a scent of flowers was borne into the dusty attic of Stafford's Inn.

"Do you wish—to see—me?" asked the Poet in a faraway voice.

The Professional Mendicant nodded and advanced into the room.

"Are you frightfully busy?" she asked with the ghost of a lisp. "Honestly I won't keep you a minute." She looked dreamily round the tiny room. "So this is where you write your wonderful poems."

The Poet unhurriedly turned over his stock of poses, and, with little hesitation, decided on the Tragedy-Without-Bitterness.

"You have heard of them?" he cried. "England seldom acclaims her poets until they are dead." The burnt milk returned malignantly to his memory. "But I would not exaggerate the present difference. Will you have the chair? It is not the first time that I have sat on the floor, though I once had a second chair. I was a boy at the time," he added apologetically.

The Professional Mendicant graciously accepted the offer and came straight to business.

"I won't waste a moment of your time," she began. "Have you heard about the sale at the Boadicea Hall on the thirtieth? Well, it's on behalf of the Middle-aged Infants' Association——"

Tragic but not bitter, the Poet swept an arm round the room.

"It is not easy to keep *one* body and soul together," he said. "Still——." His hand went to his pocket and produced three coppers and a knife without a blade.

"But I've not come for money," cried the Professional Mendicant, almost affronted. "I am in charge of the Book and Picture Stall. I thought——."

"'Dust and Ashes' came out at four and six net," interrupted the Poet. "Twenty-seven copies were sold before it was remaindered. If you think that people will pay more than that in the cause of charity——."

The Professional Mendicant, selecting swiftly from among her attitudes, chose that of Pained Entreaty.

"I don't want you to give anything," she said. "It wouldn't be fair. I know you write because you have to, because you must express yourself, because the—the internal fire . . . but you have to live at the same time."

"Your view is not shared by the public," rejoined the Poet grimly.

"You poor boy!" she said in a whisper so low that he knew she must have intended him to hear it.

"Tell me how I can help your sale," said the Poet huskily.

The Professional Mendicant clasped her hands and smiled at him.

"Now you will promise me not to refuse?" she asked. "No, that's not fair. I want you to let me order six copies of your poems and send them to you to sign. Then at the sale the Bishop of Stony Stratford will sell them by auction."

The Poet considered. He stood to gain fourpence a copy if she sent him "Sins and Sorrows": the others, he was wont to tell his friends, were out of print.

"Which do you want?" he asked.

For a moment the Professional Mendicant was put out of countenance.

"Which do you consider the most mature example of your art?" she enquired gravely. "I need hardly tell you which my favourite is."

"I suppose 'Sins and Sorrows' has the fewest actual blemishes," answered the Poet modestly. "If you will send me that to sign——."

"It's simply sweet of you!" cried the Professional Mendicant, allowing her hand to remain for a moment in his. "If you can spare time to come to the sale, mind you come to my stall. Everyone will be so envious if they see you talking to me. The thirtieth, at the Boadicea Hall."

Then she ran lightly downstairs and drove to Leadenhall Market, where she induced a leading meat salesman to present her with a turkey for the Archdeacon of Loamshire's raffle.

The Poet sat for many hours thinking of brown eyes and their unimagined softness. When the books arrived, he signed them with supererogatory flourishes, and, when an envelope with a black coronet outside brought him the Professional Mendicant's thanks, he hurried round to his club, confirmed his hypothesis by reference to the "Peerage," and began a sonnet-sequence entitled "The Princess and the Beggar Minstrel." On the twenty-ninth he borrowed a sovereign from the Millionaire and an overcoat from the Private Secretary; on the thirtieth he presented himself at the Boadicea Hall. The Professional Mendicant was surrounded by a circle of young officers and appeared to be doing a thriving trade. As the afternoon wore on and the young officers evaporated, she caught sight of him and welcomed him with outstretched hands.

"The auction starts in ten minutes' time," she explained. "I've sold thousands and thousands of books, and the Bishop is coming to get rid of the sticky ones. Yours have done awfully well."

The Poet smiled with modest gratification until his attention was arrested by a pile of six volumes in a familiar green and gold binding.

(All rights strictly reserved)

(continued on page 413)

"Veal-and-Ham"

—LEST WE FORGET THEY EVER EXISTED!

**The Land Girls don't do things by halves;
They're quite expert at rearing calves—**

Photographs *Pictorial News Agency*

**—And here remind us of the "Pearls
Cast before swine"—these laughing girls**

"FOR CHARITY" (*concluded*)

"Those—those are all that are left," said the Professional Mendicant guiltily. "I must have sold two dozen at least."

The Poet turned relentlessly to one signed flyleaf after another.

"My signature—I only signed six, you remember—seems to have impaired their chance of success," he observed bitterly, but without tragedy.

"I purposely kept those for the auction," said the Professional Mendicant. "Oh, here's the Bishop. You must let me introduce you."

An elderly ecclesiastic with an inexhaustible fund of roguish bonhomie approached to take charge of the auction.

"'Sins and Sorrows,' ah! dear me, yes! How true! Ladies and gentlemen, the first lot—I believe that is the term—yes—the first lot is a volume of homilies entitled 'Sins and Sorrows.' Now, ladies and gentlemen, what offers?"

The Poet tried to get within whispering distance of the Professional Mendicant.

"Tell the Philistine they're not homilies!" he begged. "Art has nothing to do with morals!"

The Bishop eyed him disapprovingly.

"Did you make a bid, young man?" he asked.

"Five shillings," said the Poet sulkily.

"Any advance on five shillings? You, sir? Any advance? Going, going—gone!" He tapped the stall with a diminutive ivory hammer and handed the book to the Poet. "The next lot, ladies and gentlemen—I beg your pardon, there seems to be a mistake here. I thought I'd got rid of this."

The Professional Mendicant whispered something in his ear.

"Auctioneers have my sympathy," the Bishop answered. "Ladies and gentlemen, the next lot is another copy of the same book." He opened it carelessly and turned the pages. "The last, you will remember, went for five shillings; this copy, I am interested to see, bears the autograph of the author. Suppose we start at seven and six?"

For the first time in the afternoon silence descended upon the Picture and Book Stall.

"Any advance on seven and six?" inquired the Bishop. "Going, going—gone! Oh, but this won't do; I haven't had a bid. Ladies and gentlemen, what offers?"

At the back of the crowd an unidentified voice murmured, "Tuppence."

The Poet turned furiously in his direction.

"Seven and six!" he cried

"Any advance on seven and six?" asked the Bishop. "Yours, sir. And now a third copy of the same book. Who will start the bidding?"

There was a second spell of silence, followed by pleasant, general conversation.

"Come, gentlemen, we must get on with the sale," urged the Bishop.

The Poet had the third volume knocked down to him at four and six, and was wrathfully turning to leave the Hall when a man of obvious opulence called out authoritatively: "Put the other three up as one lot, my lord. I'll give a shilling for them: then we can get to business."

The Bishop nodded gratefully.

"One shilling has been offered," he announced. "Any advance on a shilling?"

"You'd have to pay four shillings net per copy at a shop," observed the Poet at large.

"You can pay that here, if you like," answered the obviously opulent man. "My wife's got a rummage sale in the country next week; they're worth a shilling to me."

The Bishop smiled benignantly.

"Any advance on a shilling?" he asked.

"Twelve," said the Poet. "If you think it's charity to buy books below the published price——"

"Any advance on twelve shillings?" inquired the Bishop. "Going, going—gone! To you, sir. The next lot is described as a war novel, 'A Lady of Ypres.' Ladies and gentlemen, what offers?"

"Ten shillings," called the obviously opulent man. "It's for charity," he explained to the Poet. "Keep the pot boiling. You've done nobly so far, and I wish I could have backed you up a bit, but I do draw the line at half a dozen volumes of unreadable minor poetry."

The Poet walked up to the Professional Mendicant.

"You know my address," he said, tragic and bitter, between closed teeth. "I'll send you a cheque in the morning."

"And thank you so much for coming," said the Professional Mendicant. "You were quite invaluable in giving the thing a start. I shall insist on your coming again the next time I have a stall anywhere."

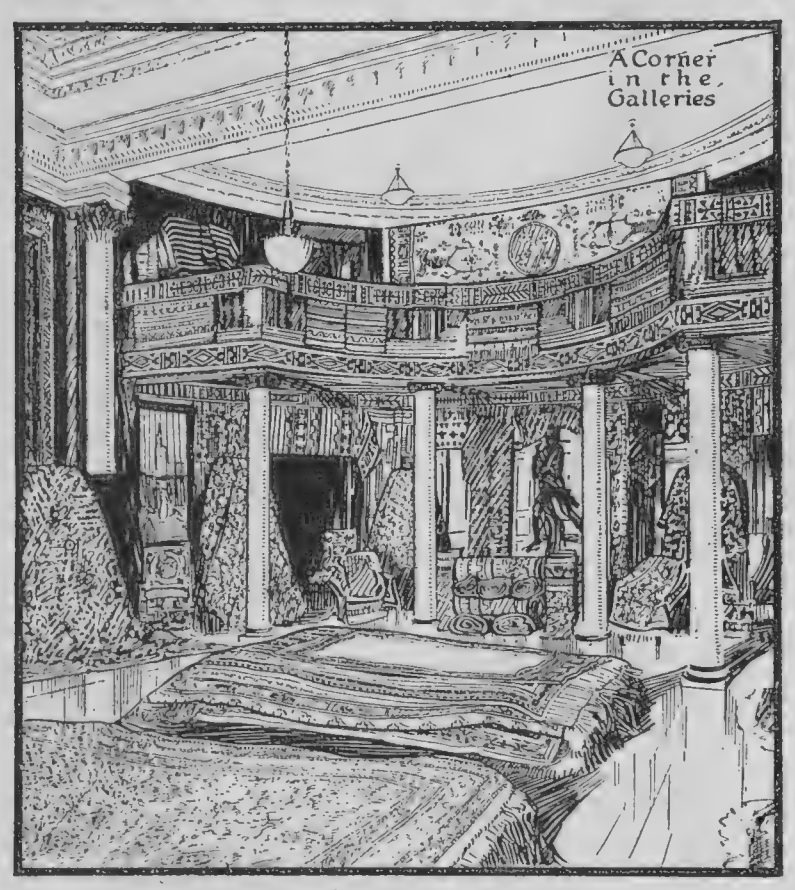
STEPHEN MCKENNA

THE NAVY'S CAMOUFLAGE *Official Photograph*

The two dummy wooden battleships in the picture were sunk in the harbour of Kephalo to make a breakwater, after deceiving the "Eyes of the Hun" in the North Sea for the best part of a year

WARING & GILLOW'S

FINE BRITISH CARPETS.



TO buy the best is the truest economy. Our selection of British-made Carpets affords you the opportunity of choosing from a stock—one of the largest in the Kingdom—which is unique in both design and quality.

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164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Bold Street, Liverpool. Deansgate, Manchester.

The Thin End

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

MUNICIPAL margarine is now, it seems, a settled thing. I should not like to say that I quite understand what it means, but then it is one of the drawbacks of Government Departments that as soon as they have formulated a scheme, and have got it ready to launch on the public, they have to hire a newspaper man to translate its terms into plain English. And it is an unfortunate fact that most newspapers cannot keep their particular political shibboleths out of their translations, any more than Mr. Dick could leave out a periodical reference to King Charles's head. One paper will describe the new scheme in detail, breaking off here and there to remind you that the hour of freedom has struck at last; while another will interlard its explanation with a dirge-like note to the effect that this sort of thing sounds the death-knell of British liberty.

⁂

THE one fact that seems clear, however, is that the Government is going to control the supplies of margarine. This startling news has evoked a wail of anguish from the local shopmen or, as they prefer to call themselves in their fine breezy way, food distributors. They speak of the thin end of a wedge, and foresee that presently the municipality of the district will take over the job of distributing all foodstuffs to the public, and that the local peddler of perishable goods will, therefore, find his occupation gone. I am afraid, however, it is a little late in the day for the grocer-man to call upon us to mingle our tears with his at the new prospect opened before us. Perhaps, indeed, we might feel mean enough to chuckle a little at the thought that his chances of making the public necessity his opportunity are likely to fizzle out in the very near future.

⁂

ON the other hand—and this is a two-handed scheme—it may be, as Shakespeare says, better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. The only experience the majority of us have so far in doing retail trade with the Government is at the post office, where the official in charge is not obliged to give change, but may do so at his discretion. If under the new *régime* you want sixpennyworth of groceries and the official cannot spare time to give you change out of half-a-crown, shopping is going to be a toilsome job.

⁂

IF the Government is going to take over the retail grocery trade buying tea and butter will presently be very much like buying stamps. You will walk into the Government stores and lean against the counter and do your best to attract the eye of the presiding official in a polite and unobtrusive manner. Usually, no doubt, he will be busy writing in a book, or counting his money; and when you have caught his eye he will look at you with a cold, disdainful stare as though it pained him to find that you should have the bad manners to interrupt a gentleman at his leisurely occupation. You will then state your requirements in a gently supplicating tone, and the inevitable reply will be given: "You must apply at the next counter." The Government official does not, as a rule, know much, but the one thing he is really sure about is that what you want is not in his department.

⁂

THE great obstacle to success in Government trading is the absence of the human element in dealing with the public. The modern food-peddler has his faults, but he is at least human to the extent that your wife can lean over the counter and tell him just what she thinks of him. But the Government distributor will be merely a machine with a strictly limited number of cog-wheels. If you find you have been handed out short weight you will be told in abrupt terms that that is not a matter for this department. You must go and fill up a yellow form and forward it to Whitehall, and at the end of ten days you will receive a blue form to be filled up in the presence of your Sunday-school teacher or a policeman.

⁂

THEN you will have to return the blue form, together with your certificate of birth and your marriage lines (if any), and at the end of another ten days you will receive a letter stating that the official distributor, who has now been referred to, is not aware of having delivered goods that were short in weight, and that (in case the detail should interest you in any way) the penalty for misrepresenting the quantity of goods delivered is Forty shillings or One month. The Government is a lovely institution, and it is doing all it knows for our good. I am sure of that. But it is sincerely to be hoped that it will not try to bite off more than it can chew.

OVERHEARD AT THE CLUB

"If it comes to horseflesh I wonder how they will serve it!"

"*À la carte*, I suppose!"

The Impregnable Thresher

THE THRESHER holds the fort against war's wildest weather for over 21,000 officers. That surely is a figure that justifies the official War Office recommendation given in 1915 to this pioneer war coat. But perfect as was the Thresher, the latest improvement makes it super-perfect.

The New Melcam Interlining

now fitted to all Threshers, is the one successful interlining. Possessing none of the drawbacks of oiled silk (it is absolutely uncrackable and always pliable), it affords perfect protection, remaining impenetrable by super-blizzards without producing anything in the nature of stuffiness.

"Thresher" Trench Coat, unlined £4 14 6
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Cavalry type, with knee flaps and saddle gusset, 15/6 extra.

1,500 more Threshers (the limit of our present stock of material and coats) will be sold at these original prices. After this a considerable rise in price is inevitable, owing to the heavy increases we are paying for all materials. Buy your Thresher before the rise.

All sizes in stock. Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay enclose cheque or trade reference with order.

Send for Book 8, The Complete Guide to Expenditure on Kit and Equipment.

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Lady's polished Crocodile Dressing Case, lined antique moire silk, fitted Sterling Silver Gilt (8-day Lever Clock) and Solid Tortoiseshell.

Size 16 × 13 × 5½ ins. deep.

£68 : 10 : 0

An Ideal Case, Light in Weight, and most compact.

"THE HOUSE FOR DRESSING CASES."

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URODONAL

POSTPONES OLD AGE.

The dawn of renewed, triumphant and happy youth is reflected in the bottle of Urodonal as in a magic mirror. Have faith in Urodonal and you will immediately see its good results.

Rheumatism,
Gout,
Gravel,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica,
Arterio-Sclerosis,
Obesity.

Why is it that so many people look old before their time? The trouble is not due to superficial causes only, for grey hair, flaccid tissues, increasing stoutness, discolouration of the skin, blemishes, wrinkles, etc., etc., are all caused through poisoning of the blood, especially with *uric acid*, seeing that 82 per cent. of men and women who have attained middle age suffer from excess of this poison, which is the cause of premature old age and arterio-sclerosis, the numerous symptoms of which commence to appear, viz.: shortness of breath, drowsiness after meals, headache, giddiness, loss of memory, impaired eyesight, palpitation, etc.

Even as early as at 30 years the symptoms of arterio-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries) sometimes occur. The necessary measures should immediately be taken in order to dissolve and eliminate the uric acid, otherwise continual ill-health ensues, degenerating into chronic disease, premature old age, and untimely death.

Science, however, which has discovered the origin of arterio-sclerosis, has also found the remedy: URODONAL, **which dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar.** It has been said that people need not die before they wish; they need not grow old either unless they wish it, for URODONAL is at their disposal for destroying the cause of premature old age, so that if care is taken to eliminate the uric acid as fast as it is formed (by the regular use of URODONAL), instead of the arteries being brittle and hard, they will remain soft and pliable as india-rubber, and perfect health will be the result.

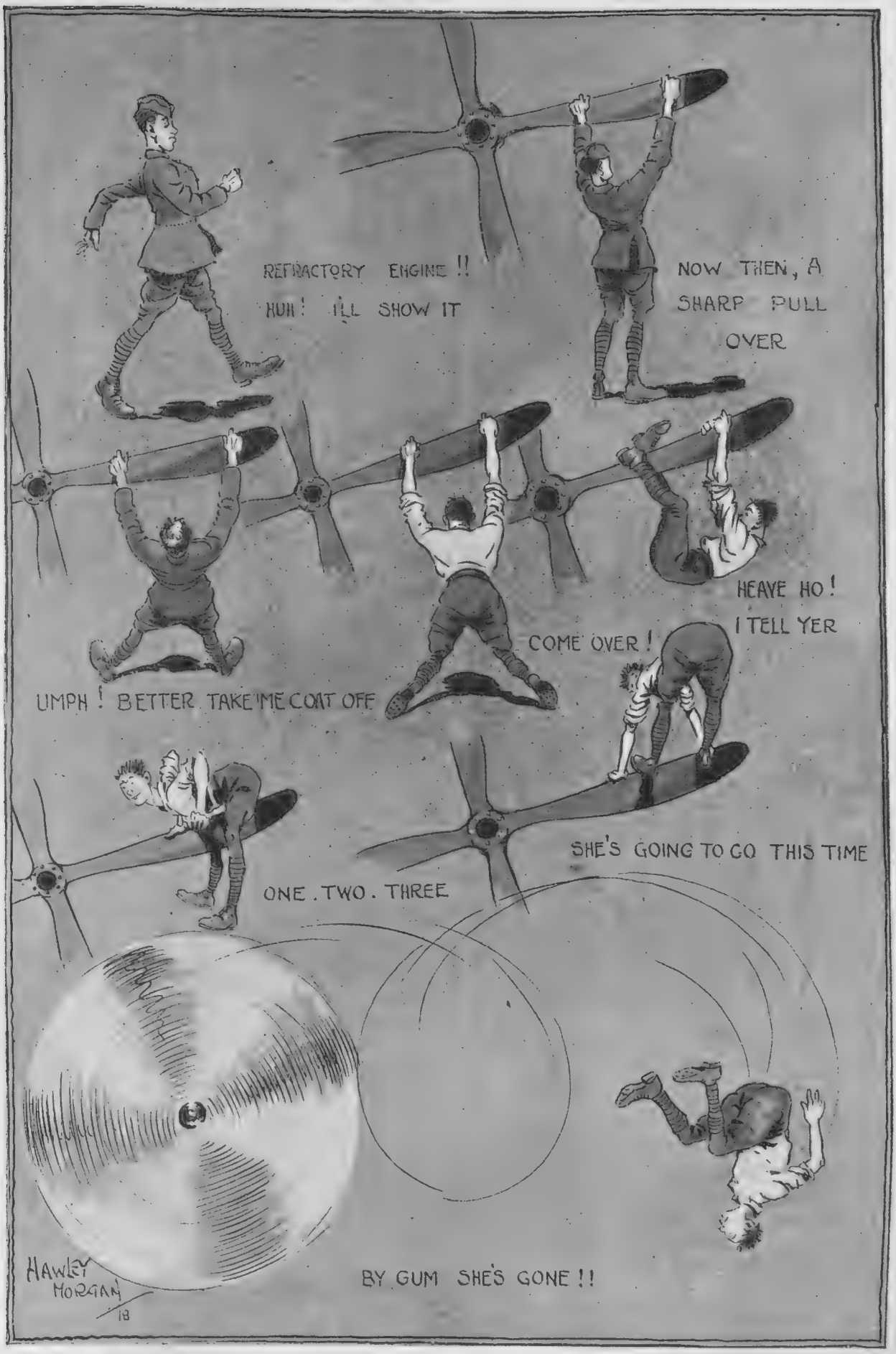
After a course of URODONAL the skin takes on a rosy hue and becomes supple, smooth, and firm; the flesh is flexible and firm; the pulse is strong and active; rich blood conveys heat and energy throughout the body, thereby stimulating the healthy functioning of the different organs. URODONAL **imparts renewed youth and vitality to the whole system.**

DR. RENÉ CHANDÉRYS. *Paris Medical Faculty.*

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, **HEPPELLS,** Pharmacists, 164 Piccadilly, London, W 1. Write for explanatory booklets.

Getting a Move On



PASSED BY CENSOR

OR, THE PRANKS OF A PROPELLER

Books *of the* Week

Books Round and About the War

CURIOSITY about the real state of affairs in Germany has certainly been intense for some time past in this country; but how many people, I wonder, are really curious about the present state of affairs in Great Britain? One knows, of course, that the margarine question is stirring up the nation to almost the same pitch of excitement as would a test-match in the old days. One knows, too, that if only you possess the right Army Form, you can do almost anything you want to; but beyond such matters as these, is anybody particularly curious? We are changed—very curiously changed in some ways—but after the war, shan't we just—well, muddle back into the dear old ways? We *were* so comfortable. Surely we shall. But shall we?

An American View

READ *Inside the British Isles* (Lane: 5s. net.), by Arthur Gleason. Read it carefully, including the footnotes and the appendix. It will probably make you sit up. It will undoubtedly interest you even if it vaguely annoys you. What is most certain, however, is the fact that it will convince you that things will never again be the same. It may not have needed Mr. Gleason's book to convince you of so much, but after reading his book any doubts you may have had will vanish into the thinnest of mists.

The New England

MR. GLEASON tells an almost incredible tale, and supports it by evidence whose trustworthiness cannot be doubted. He describes an England that is not in the least like the England we thought we knew. It is true that, as an ardent democrat, he is occasionally inclined to see but one side of the picture, but even after making all allowances it is impossible not to see that this new England of his view is the England which is really emerging from the war. As a clever journalist, accustomed to hunt out and lay hands on the most important factors in whatever he may be investigating, Mr. Gleason knows well enough how to set out his conclusions to the best advantage, with the result that in *Inside the British Isles* you have one of the most astonishing books published since the beginning of the war. I commend it in particular to the various old gangs. It will really do them good.

The War Correspondent

AT the end of 1914, the war correspondent was dead. He was very dead. In a year's time he was reborn, provided with a Sam Browne belt and a green brassard, given a mess, and made as comfortable as possible. He was not quite the old type of war correspondent, who would go to any lengths to get his telegram in first—the mess must have been responsible for this change—but he was practically

(Continued on page 420)

THE BURFRON
Burberry Weatherproof
is THE Airman's Safeguard

New methods of design and fastening obviate all openings whereby wind, wet, or cold can penetrate.

Burberry materials, by their perfect air-freedom, prevent condensation of moisture caused by cold on the inner surface of air-tight fabrics, which renders the latter practically useless for flying.

"I have tried nearly every make of coat, and find your Burfron the best of all, and it has been invaluable to me. I prefer it to the leather-lined coat supplied by the Service for flying in, as it keeps one quite as warm and facilitates one's movements better when flying. I have got, personally, and seen more satisfaction got, out of a Burberry than any other make."
H. T——— (R.F.C.)

Officers' Complete Military, Naval, or Air Kits in 2 to 4 days, or Ready to Put On.

Every Burberry Garment bears a Burberry Label.

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Until End of February
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Full SALE CATALOGUE sent on request.

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The Burfron Burberry

A Confession of Faith

By "TWO PIPS."

MILDRED got me there, and it was through her I learned; it is through her I *always* learn. I consider it remarkable how a fellow learns from Mildred; and after that lunch together in the "Georgian," on Harrods top floor, no wonder Milly came to confidences! Quite so, quite so! Of course, I couldn't hang about with her in *that* department; I'd go and have a look round at the men's things.

It was a fetish with me that outside certain mystic places, clothes, or hats, or boots, or shirts such as "a gentleman might wear," were unobtainable. I have rather changed my tune.

I live and learn—

The plain fact is, a man gets every bit as much care and "expertness" from Harrods' Tailors as he will get anywhere in London. He will secure the same incisive touch of style; he will get clothes of character.

How many are aware, I wonder, that Harrods can "fit out" a man *cap-à-pie*, no matter what his figural peculiarities, in under a couple of hours, and, if he be of normal build, in much less time than that.

A Footwear Revelation—

I cherished the belief that the making of real Footwear was the guarded secret of a few Houses to which we wend our way year after year. I should never have dreamed of finding Harrods the equal of them.

Every single pair of Harrods hand-sewn boots are made on the premises, and Harrods' actual bespoke trade is one of the largest in London; 90 per cent. of those who come for Harrods' bespoke work continue to come for it.

If a man cannot wait for his boots to be made, he can get exactly the same type and character of hand-sewn work from stock. The stock includes every thinkable requirement for civil or military life.

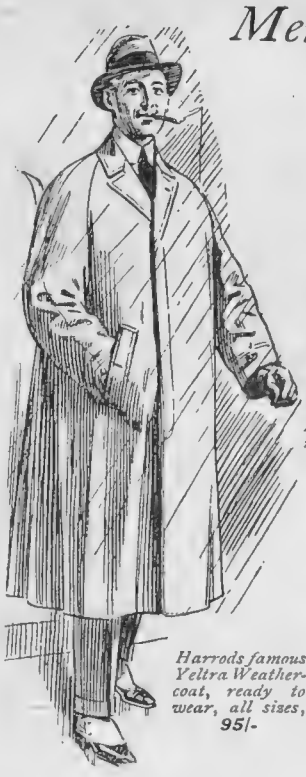
Coming to Shirts—

To a man of my build the average ready-made shirt is a misery. I said this to the manager of that section, and he willingly offered to prove to me that there was no need for it. "You would be better satisfied, perhaps, if I *made* you a shirt, but just try one of these; it is a regular pattern, yet cut with a little more common sense than usual. If you find it doesn't meet the case exactly, ring us up and we'll send you a range of patterns and call to measure you at your office. Once we have your measure, whether for clothes, shirts, collars, boots, or anything else, you need only drop us a line to get the same things again. That is how we come to supply so many officers on the various fronts. They send us a post-card, and the rest is done for them."

There was precisely the same *thoroughness* observable in the section devoted to hosiery and underwear, the same clear understanding of men's requirements, the same readiness to fall in with one's personal fads and fancies. I liked it. I think you would like it.

Then Mildred appeared round the corner, carrying her own parcels, just like the splendid little patriot she is—remarkable patriot, Mildred. "Wonderful place, isn't it?" she said, and bundled her parcels into my arms.

Men's Things at Harrods



Harrods famous Veltra Weather-coat, ready to wear, all sizes, **95/-**

Pure Wool Tubular Scarf, natural camel shade fringed ends, **6/11**

White Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, a doz., **8/11.** *Others at 12/9, 15/6, 21/-, 27/6*

High Grade Lounge Suit, ready to wear, **95/-**

Harrods Soft Flat Polo Collar, **8/6** *per dozen.*

Harrods Soft Flat Double Collars, **6/-** *per dozen.*

Harrods perfect-fitting Union Flannel Shirts, extra quality, **12/6** *with double cuffs.*

Half Hose, good wearing quality a pair, **3/6**

Russet Calf Boot, for hard wear, a pair, **35/9**

Pure Spun Silk Underwear at Harrods. Vests, medium size, **15/6** *Pants,* **17/6**

Harrods have a wonderful stock of Pyjamas. These illustrated are of Rich Twill Silk with braid fronts, **25/6**

Harrods Ltd., London, S.W.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded)

the only means whereby we knew anything about anything; whence his importance and popularity. You will find an excellent account of the initial difficulties and subsequent recognition of a present-day war correspondent in Mr. Basil Clarke's *My Round of the War* (Heinemann: 6*s.* net.) Mr. Clarke saw France both from the early holes and corners and from the late ones; but he was also in the near East, and has many a good tale to tell. A cheery, good-humoured book it is. R. S.

Photographs MISS ENA RUSSELL

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell, of Deal, whose engagement has just been announced to

French and Co. SEC.-LIEUTENANT ERNEST GOLSWORTHY

A.S.C. (M.T.), only son of "Jingle," "The Bystander's" dramatic critic

Mrs. Holmes, Commandant

IT is a little difficult to decide whether one extracts more amusement and pleasure from Mrs. Holmes, Commandant of the Fairbridge hospital (and a Competent Military Authority), Mr. Forbes, gentleman 'elp (and subsequent secretary) to the hospital, author, after-dinner speaker, and President of the Fourth Folios (who tells the tale), or certain of the patients at the admirable institution the mobilising and development of which are so amusingly put before us in *Mrs. Holmes, Commandant* (Arnold: 5*s.* net). Mrs. Holmeses are not uncommon, but the fact that they invariably "boom" does not prevent them from being good managers; and if there is one thing that needs good management it is a hospital for wounded soldiers. Mrs. Holmes necessarily dominates the book; but the sketches of some of the experienced author's "cases" at Fairbridge are touched in with a skill fully as delicious as that which makes the Commandant an unforgettable portrait. Corporal Rainey and his delinquencies, Private Laxon, and Major Cubitt (with carbuncle) are all delightful; and if Mrs. 'Ooker is own sister to "Mrs. Green," that does not detract from her merits. Finally, Cromwell, downtrodden but indisputably convenient. A thoroughly jolly book; and obviously written by one fully conversant with Red Cross Hospitals. All who read it will chuckle over it, and they will not be content with reading it once. B.

By Appointment to *H. M. Queen Alexandra*

The "QUORN" Active Service Coat No. 2

An adaptation of our "QUORN" Trench Coat with EXTENSION FLAP to protect the KNEES.

FROM the actual experience of many of our customers, it is most essential in a Trench Coat that the skirts should be short, so as to avoid trailing in the mud and becoming saturated. The "Quorn" Coat overcomes this failing and at the same time protects the knees. It is absolutely waterproof and light in weight, whilst the detachable fleece lining can be used separately as a dressing gown or soft warm covering at night.

Price

£4 : 7 : 6

Or, fitted with detachable lining,

£6 : 12 : 6

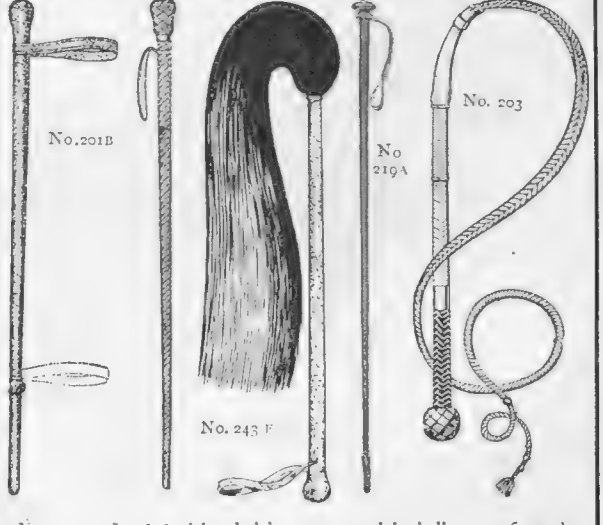
Only measurements required to ensure perfect fit:—Chest, length of Sleeve from Centre of Back to length desired, and Height.

TURNBULL & ASSER,

Military and Sporting Outfitters,

71-72, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.

Telegrams: "Paddywhack, London." Telephone: 4628 Gerrard.



	£	s.	d.
No. 201A.—Loaded stick, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap	2	15	0
No. 201B.—Ditto, whalebone centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	2	2	0
No. 201B.—Ditto, steel centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	1	8	6
No. 201C.—Ditto, short length, for riding	1	2	6
No. 203.—Officers' Newmarket Whip, whalebone centre, plaited raw hide, with kangaroo hide handpart, loaded end, silver collar, and thong	2	2	0
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No. 219A.—Best all whalebone plaited kangaroo hide Cutting Whip and Wrist Strap	1	15	0
No. 243A.—Fly Whisks, covered pigskin with white, black or red hair, leather wrist loop	1	5	0
Ditto, ditto. Loaded butt	1	10	0
No. 243.—Ash or cane, with white or black hair		13	6

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By Appointment to H.M. the King.

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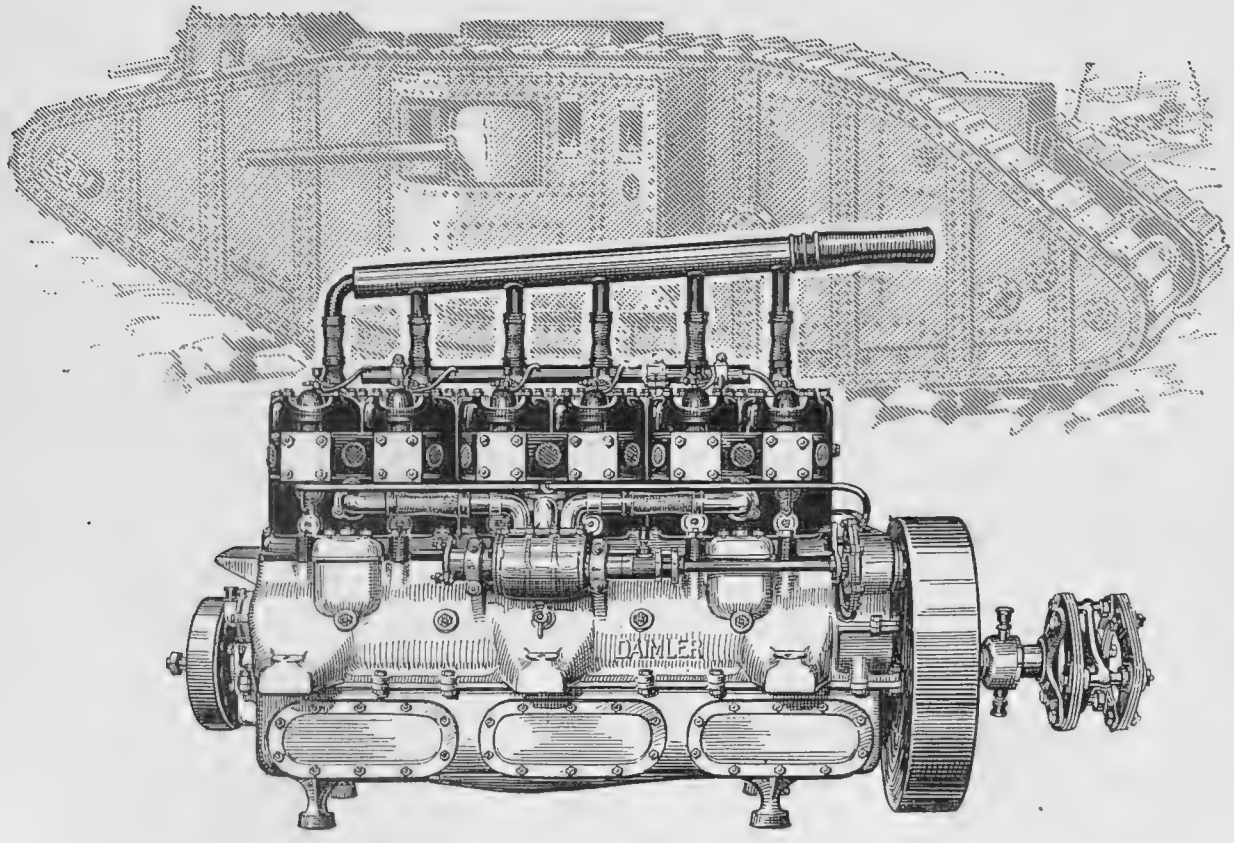


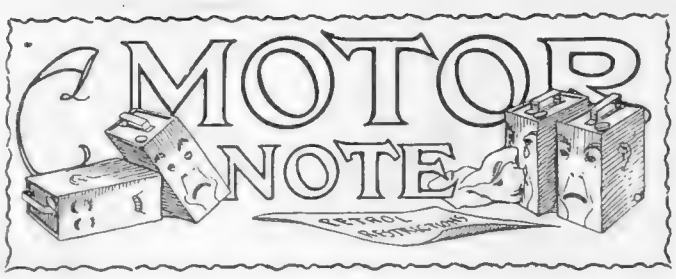
The Tank will become the symbol of irresistible power and performance.

The Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine—the original power-unit of the Tank.

Daimler

The Daimler Company, Ltd., Coventry

WAIT FOR A DAIMLER



A Fly Book

My friend Berry of the *Car* has written a book on "Aircraft in War and Commerce," which Burrows and Co. have published at 1*s.* 6*d.* It's a good book, just because Berry couldn't write a bad one; and is packed full of the meatiest of matter which many excellent illustrations help out. The historical review is pretty comprehensive and brings the story right up to date; from whence we get projections well down into the future. In the prophetic department, however, the author prefers to let Mr. Holt Thomas do most of the Old Moore business; and as I have already dealt with *that* horoscope, there is no further need for comment.

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The "Mistress" Lure

I observe that, as usual, we have to push along until Great Britain is mistress of the air and sea, and I dare say, as an exhortation, that is quite all right. We never err on the side of modesty when contemplating *our* future, and so it is natural we should talk calmly about Great Britain (not including Ireland apparently, nor the Overseas bits of us), having collared the lion's share of the earth (which was before we heard this new-fangled talk of the self-determination of peoples), becoming mistress of the sea and of the air. After all, it isn't much to ask, this dominion over earth and sea and sky. We might have thrown in heaven and hell if we'd been really avaricious; and I dare say we would have done so if there had been any known method of parcelling out those territories.

***

Casting Horoscopes

And I suppose we shall try, certainly quite a lot of worthy people who are as enthusiastic about paying taxes as you and I will urge that we *should* try, to secure this aerial supremacy; and we shall run up sky fleets against all other nations, and collide with those of other nations in the process, and add a few more thousands of millions to our national debt in order to do it. We are quaint birds really; but one of these days we shall think rather more clearly in terms of the happiness and prosperity of the people of this country and discover that national happiness and prosperity have as much to do with expensive "mistresses" and dominions as with the green cheese that is in all self-respecting children's moons. But that is beside the present point. Very heartily I commend to you this highly interesting little book if you would have the whole story of the evolution of dynamic flight told shortly and well.

***

In Compression

Watch the Vanguard tyre. It is a new form of tyre designed to dispense with spare wheels and rims, given the converted or special wheel upon which the tyre is most ingeniously clamped. It looks to be quite one of the most interesting contributions to the development of the motor tyre which I have seen of recent years. The Company's address is 75 to 83, Vittoria Street, Birmingham.—From the front: "One of your (Vauxhall) cars has done a little over 40,000 miles, over roads that are very often in a sorry state . . . the car has given no trouble . . . I have handled several other makes, but my old Vauxhall has got them all skinned."

"C.A.V." All-British Magnetos proved by severe and extended tests to be incomparable for slow running, easy starting, and consistent efficiency.—C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W. 3

SUNBEAM

When the entire engineering resources of the nation are being devoted to producing munitions, the fact of a firm being contractors to the Admiralty or War Office is not necessarily a mark of distinction. That depends wholly on the nature of the munition supply. From the commencement of the War the Sunbeam Company's activities have been devoted to supplying the British and Allied Governments with cars, ambulances, and

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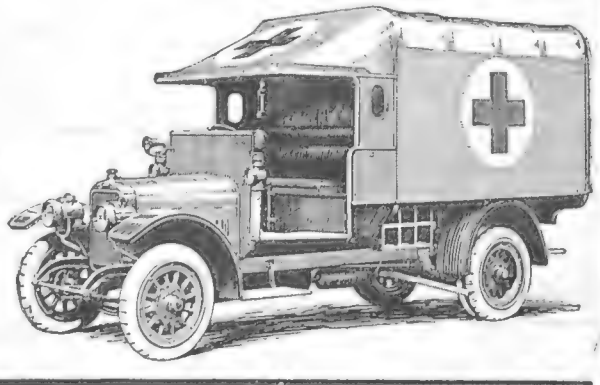

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FEMINA

Woman's Little War Worries

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

RULES AND ROUTES

A BOGEY is peeping at us round corners, flitting ahead down blind alleys, throwing the shadow of a pointing finger across our newly-turned pages. Sometimes we call it Reconstruction, but it is yet as indefinable as the Snark, which became a Boojum when it was hunted down.

Its presence hovers over reforming projects for having everything cut-and-dried after the war.

The war shot us out of deep grooves on to the level where we have room to be ourselves.

But if presently we are all tied up with pink tape, docketed and parcelled, where are individuality and real talent going to get through?

We feel we must think of it now because later on it will be too late.

Women have so much depending on them at this moment that every one should "sit up and take notice."

The girls of to-day are wonderful in their potentiality and confidence; one feels abashed sometimes at their knowledge of things. They see and think and speak very straight; but they forget that this clear vision is evolved from the experience of older minds in the transition state.

Younger girls are apt to take the elder ones as oracles and resent the advice and control of older women as out of date.

The woman of mark or wisdom to-day is therefore the one who influences and convinces her feminine juniors.

We want to teach, as one of the first principles of doing effective work, the art of debate; and it can be learnt in every family and conclave. Home arguments often degenerate into quarrels; personalities are permitted, even applauded; side issues dragged in; sarcasm and snubs freely delivered.

Pleasant conversation at meal-times is good, physically and mentally; heated disputes bad both ways. Why not start a topic of general interest, and let the young people join in?

There is a very good father of a large family who allows those members over twelve to play bridge with him, but they must keep their tempers, keep the rules, and keep their play up to the mark. Carelessness, cheating, or crossness disqualifies them as players for an appropriate time.

Could not debates at home, or in circles where young people, girl-workers for instance, board together, be carried out on this plan?

A nervous woman at the head of a table who says "Don't let us have any argument So-and-so always gets angry" is making a mistake and shirking the proper use of her influence. So-and-so is the very individual of the party who should be taught that abuse is not argument — self-control and proper self-expression worth cultivating.

A well-known successful chairwoman of many social committees makes a point of asking for the opinion of the silent members, and frequently finds that the ones who speak least think most.

Mothers and aunts, schoolmistresses and supervisors of all kinds, can do the best teaching work of their lives at present by guiding the formation of personal opinion in girls and encouraging its suggestion in moderate words.

Deference is a virtue regrettably on the wane. If girls could only be persuaded to believe that respect for others is a vital part of self-respect they would cease to spoil their growing intelligence by an attitude of rebellious contempt or socialistic disregard.

There is real worth in the proverb "Don't-care came to a bad end." The girls of 1918 are on the threshold of a mighty beginning, and the middle will depend so much on them that the end is practically in their hands!

MISS BERTHA WILLMOTT

Whose engagement is announced to Private C. G. Hodges, of Gloucester. She has left the stage to take up work of national importance, and devotes all her spare time to cheering our brave boys in camp and hospital

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

APPARENTLY we have touched the spot with the original overall illustrated in these pages in our issue of February 6, which only supplies another instance of what a wealth of possibility there is in the simplest and most obvious things once brains get on their track. Noreen may well be pleased by the praise showered from all sides on her exclusive and original overall.

❀

The Early Tailor-Made with the Habit Fold

FROM the same source I come armed this week with a spring tailor-made of highly representative character, the particular arresting note of which is the habit fold introduced in both skirt and coat. But the whole suit is reminiscent of a habit, the length of the coat emphasising that fact among other details. As to the material it can be navy or one of the more spring-like grey mixture tweeds, while the shawl-shaped collar to the coat can be carried out in the same or in some contrast. This collar again, in its way, makes for great distinction, as does the little tucked shirt of white organdi, with its high *volant* collar completed by a black satin stock. Very old world and alluring.

The straight skirt, as has been hinted in these columns several times, was bound to resolve itself into draperies to bring about the requisite diversity; and the habit-fold depicted is merely the thin end of the wedge. Long, loose, and more often than not contrasting, side panels are already prominent. A black satin skirt, hung with side panels of champagne georgette, was seen completed by one of those supremely clever bodices that are half cape, the wing sleeves brought into shapeliness below the elbow by a loose *rouleau* of the transparency, on which little half bretelles of the satin carried out a connecting link.

❀

The Importance of the Semi-Trimmed Chapeau

WITH the fine criticism that is growing up in us, a spirit engendered by the overflowing influence of detail in connection with simple modes, the spring fashion in the important semi-trimmed hat is eagerly awaited. As always, the "Severn" models hold a leading position, placed there by the essential causes of good style, original expression, and that supreme millinerial test, lightness of weight.

A SPRING TAILOR-MADE
With "habit" fold both in coat and skirt

An assured success awaits a novel *suède* model, one of the two pictured on the following page, that the Severn firm are running through a most entrancing range of colours, including a Tangerine orange, the surface and quality of the *suède* giving a sort of tempering bloom to the *nuance*. The actual model sketched was in the most delicate grey shade, the brim underlined with mauve *crêpe de Chine*, and ornamented above with *appliqué* silk floral *motifs* hand-embroidered round the edges. The crown, it will be noted, is quartered and visibly stitched,

With their finger always on the pulse of the tailoring world, it is, perhaps, scarcely surprising to find the Severn firm proffering another of their semi-trimmed hats in mixed tweed colourings. This "Yolette" novelty is just the very piece of millinery to accompany the much-worn mixed tweed coats and skirts.

A pedal tagal, chosen to emphasise the predominent colour note of the "Yolette" underlines the brim while the sole decorative relief is provided in a *faille* ribbon, the ends crossed in front and held by a hand-made spray of ribbon flowers. The illustrated example was in mauve and old blue mixture, both whereof are picked up in the trimming.

❀

The Apotheosis of Pyjamas

FROM the humble beginning of a pyjama sleeping suit, fashioned on the lines of a man's, with practical jacket and trousers, there has been developed the latest thing in lounge and boudoir suits, quaint fantasies, many of them, but possessing all the allure and charm of Turkish harem attire. All sorts of beauteous materials are called to the cause, one very advanced model being carried out in rose pink chiffon velvet, arranged with more or less orthodox nether garments and slip-on jumper jacket. The latter, by the way, is a very favourite expression, the neck cut into a V, square, or chemise-shaped opening, and something dainty and original in the way of a sash regulates the fullness at the waist.

Shantung powdered over with a conventional china blue flower

(Continued on page 428)